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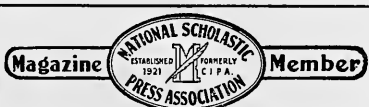
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J. Ramsay MacDonald as a Youth

By ELIZABETH DOVER

IN a two-roomed hut, in the village of Lossiemouth, sixty-five years ago, J. Ramsay MacDonald was born. The village was a fishing town. All the inhabitants were fishermen and were as rough as the rugged shore that the great tidal waves had made in their lappings. From this sturdy village had gone sailors, ministers, scientists, and pioneers in various fields, and with them they had taken part of the ruggedness of the village to face the roughs of life.

And just the same sort of unyielding strength that had been born in those youths was deeply implanted in this young Scot, Ramsay MacDonald. From his poverty-stricken parents he inherited the knack of plodding and the trait of aspiring to higher things. His father was a day-laborer. His mother, with all her humbleness, was a remarkable woman. His grandmother, with whom they lived, had seen better days and always remained a gentlewoman, though fate had been against her. It was she who instilled in young "Jamie," as he was familiarly called, the stories of his inspiring forefathers and the deeds of the past, which served as an inspiration to him always. It was she who implanted in the youth a tremendous love for his own land, its novelties, its philosophers, its poets, and its warriors. It was she who was the first to say that "Jamie" was more than the ordinary village "loon."

At an early age he became interested in reading. About that time an old watchmaker, who had a small collection of books, returned to Lossiemouth. He gladly lent his books to the eager youth. In this collection was Samuel Smiles's, *Life of a Scottish Naturalist*, the reading of which marked the beginning of young Ramsay's interest in science. By the time he was twelve years of age, he had read all the books in his home and nearly all in the village library.

Like all the other Lossiemouth lads, he was about to go out as a fisher boy, but he was prevented by the village school master. The old Scotch teacher had faith in the boy's ability and encouraged him to study. As soon as Ramsay attained enough knowledge, the old man made him a student-teacher, earning a small fee. Young Ramsay was becoming interested in mathematics, and at the same time he was continuing his study of the sciences.

His Dominie must have had an interesting personality, for Ramsay MacDonald went back to see him regularly as long as he lived. And

until this day Mr. MacDonald wears the gold watch that the Dominie gave him. It is with a great deal of pleasure that he tells the story about the times the boys used to miss school in the spring to go swimming in the sea. They would hide behind the trees and watch the Dominie look about the empty school yard, whistle the usual signal, and then turn to an empty class room. "It was the heart of the boy that admonished us next morning, and controlled the strokes that made our fingers tingle," relates Mr. MacDonald. "And while he stood with the instrument of torture in his hand, instead of the lecture he gave us he would have liked to say: 'I wish I had been with you, but you know that would not have done'." ¹

Young Ramsay was not only a leader in books; he was also a champion in sports. One of the feats the lads of Lossiemouth enjoyed was swinging squirrel-like round a circle of seventeen trees, from tree to tree. When a boy had achieved this, he was passed to a "niche amongst the heroes." ²

Becoming interested in politics and public opinion, young Ramsay MacDonald began writing on such subjects for the local newspapers. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* fired his enthusiasm for politics still further. All the while he was studying the sciences—natural and social—and economics. In the neighborhood he was being called "the young man with ideas."

Since young MacDonald could not go to college, it was his aim to go to London where opportunities to learn about social reform would be greater. Equipped by the church and the old school master with the intent upon science and politics, seventeen-year-old MacDonald, as handsome as Lockinvar, with dark hair and flashing eyes, set out for London.

On his way to London he heard that a social reformer at Bristol needed a secretary, and so he went in search of the job. It was while he was in Bristol that he made his first political speech. On the night of the address he appeared at the town hall, but he found only one person there. A few minutes later, another came in, and ten minutes later, the third arrived. Young Ramsay was slow to begin his speech thinking that others would come, but they did not. Even with only three Englishmen as an audience, the address was none the less a trying experience for the young Scot.

The ideals of his employer did not fit in with his own, and, as a result, he gave up his work and returned to Lossiemouth. Not homesick, but disappointed and discouraged, he went home to start anew.

¹ Tiltman, H. H., *J. Ramsay MacDonald: Labor's Man of Destiny*, P. 7.

² *Ibid.*, P. 8.

He made up his mind to face the great city, and he did. Living in the slums of London, he confirmed a former idea of his that too much luxury was at one end of the social scale and too much poverty at the other end. He endured poverty, but he refused to accept it. Friendless, he went about the city in search of a job, vowing that he would die of hunger there before he would return to Lossiemouth the second time. Finally, when he was about to accept a job as an omnibus conductor, he was offered work, addressing envelopes. He took the place, but made such a small salary that he could not afford to buy his lunch; consequently, he spent the lunch hour reading in the Guildhall library. He spent his evenings studying at the Birkbeck Institute. All his leisure was well used.

At this point his health gave way. His hopes for a scientific career were shattered. The break came just a few days preceding the day he was to take an examination for a science scholarship. He had to give up his work and go north for awhile, but London soon called him back.

In 1887, young MacDonald became secretary to Mr. Thomas Lough, a Liberal candidate for West Islington. Living in Mr. Lough's mansion, Ramsay MacDonald acquired poise and assurance. He met all classes of men and women. He had known the poor, and now he was meeting the rich. He was meeting in thought, if not in person, such distinguished persons as William Morris, H. M. Hyndman, Keir Hardie, George B. Shaw, and Sidney Webb, all of whom were thinking along the same line—that of social reform.

In 1895, Mr. MacDonald met Margaret Gladstone, a daughter of a distinguished chemist, and a niece of Lord Kelvin, a famous scientist. MacDonald first heard of her when he was in St. Thomas's hospital. While there he received a letter from her in which was a subscription to his election fund. Many years later, he read in her diary: "First letter from J. R. MacDonald, May 29, 1895." It was the letter he had sent acknowledging her subscription. When he debated on Socialism at the Pioneer Club some time later, she was present, but did not get to meet him. When he became ill again, she wrote him a letter, and soon they met.

Margaret Gladstone has told about Ramsay's first visit to her home. The whole family were sitting on uncomfortable chairs, awaiting the arrival of the young Socialist. They were doubtful as to receiving him. Finally, he came. Awkward and hesitant among strangers though he was, he made an impression on the Gladstones, who admired his wide knowledge of affairs and his deep sincerity. The Gladstones were, how-

ever, never quite reconciled to his beliefs, and in consequence caused a great deal of unhappiness to Margaret.

Ramsay MacDonald and Margaret Gladstone were married in November, 1896 and went to live at No. 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was there that the new Labor Party had its first social gatherings. It was there that Ramsay MacDonald had his first lesson under Margaret MacDonald, who taught him to face unpopularity, opposition, and impediments that get in the way of a leader, without becoming embittered.

Their marriage made the path to political power easier for the inexperienced Scot. He met people, traveled widely, and began living, in the fuller sense of the word. She shared his hopes and enthusiasms, and made his home a place of peace to return at night after the fights of the day. She encouraged him in the midst of difficulties, and helped wherever and whenever she could.

The road from Lossiemouth to Westminster was a long one. MacDonald perhaps would never have made the trip had it not been for his abounding strength, his strong patriotism, and his deep sincerity. He was interested in politics not for the sake of popularity, but for the fact that he was deeply concerned with the problems of the common laborer. His parents, his school teacher, and his wife played their roles exceedingly well in bringing to the front his natural ability.



The Dream

With relief I wakened in the night and knew
That all that ghastly loneliness was but a dream.
It was you beside me there. It did not seem
As if that so real phantom had been you.

And yet I can not help but know
That this will someday be the dream, and that the waking;
I lie here in the dark awake—afraid and shaking.
I will not let you go.

H. COOGAN

Concerning Patriotism

The aftermath of war is a sure cure for patriotism.

Helen Comer

Patriotism, in an exaggerated form, is one of the most serious evils threatening the world today.

Elizabeth Hoffman

War and patriotism; neither can exist without the other.

Roberta Johnson

War patriotism is a falsity of selfish loyalty.

Helen Lichtenfels

Patriotism, like religion is an inheritance which is rapidly disintegrating.

Pickett Henderson

Patriotism is a momentary sentiment.

Virginia Daugherty

Patriotism is an emotional outburst of loyalty, oftentimes as beautiful as a soap bubble and about as durable and beneficial.

Mary Virginia Barker

Patriotism is a thing forgotten in peace, and trouble-making in time of war.

Elizabeth King

Nationalism is egotism for the country while patriotism is selfless devotion.

Cornelia Montgomery

Patriotism is a sugar coating to a bitter pill.

Millie Ogden



Admission Free

You took my heart and broke it—never mind.
Do not grieve for her you left behind—
Your new love—ah! how blond and sweet is she!
I have a grandstand seat this time to see
You break somebody else's heart . . .
Admission free—

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

You Will Have Need of Me

You who cannot get enough of love
Now that the spring-time of your life is upon you,
You are eager for wide, wind-swept high-roads,
Lonely nights under the stars,
You cannot sit with me
In a garden, under a tree.
There will come a time when hostile winds and snows
Beat upon your frail body, worn thin as an old wedding ring;
You will not welcome
Cold rain in your hair, hot sun in your face,
You will be old.
You will have need of a garden in spring,
A fireside in winter, and me—
To shield you from advancing age.

LOUISE KING



Philosophy

With the sun for a shield
And a dream for a star
I'll storm heaven's portals
And see things as they are.

If the white light of truth
Shall put out my dream
And blind my eyes
With things not what they seem,

I'll forge of my hope
Yet another star
And straightway forget
Things as they are.

LOUISE KING

Mouth's Plunder

By PANSY McCONNELL

"Yes, this is 4-6-1 . . . Who? . . . Oh, Rip? . . . Hey, there, old boy . . . We're just having breakfast . . . Who? . . . Alice? . . . Sure thing!"

Moffatt put his hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and shrieked, "Alice, it's yours."

Alice was already at the door when her cousin yelled. "Who is he?" she whispered.

"Ripley Sawyer. He was here at the party; he's a good old boy. Here—catch it."

"Hello. This is Alice," she answered quite nonchalantly. "Oh . . . Ripley?" (warming up gradually). "Why of course I remember *you*. You wouldn't doubt my word! . . . Why, I'll swear it—cross my heart and hope to die . . . I'm so glad you called . . . Tonight? . . . Why, no, I don't think we've planned anything. I'd love to see you . . . At seven-thirty? Well, I could—, Let's say eight . . . All right. That's fine . . . Good-by!"

"I can't imagine what made Ripley Sawyer call you up," Miss Pierce, the stenographer boarding there said crisply when Alice appeared at the door again. "I'm sure he's never been to see a girl before in his life."

"Just who is this Ripley boy?" Miss Johnson, a new-comer, asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. Thank you for some more eggs, Aunt Lucy. I don't remember him at all. What is he like, Moffatt?"

"Oh, he's a good boy. He's about my height and has light brown hair and brown eyes. He finished high school this spring—valedictorian, played football and went out for track. Funny thing, he never has gone with any girls."

"H-m—He sounds good," chimed in Miss Johnson enthusiastically.

"He coached our Junior football team, and I like him," piped up Harvey, just ten.

Aunt Lucy adjusted her nose glasses and timidly squeezed into the conversation, "Ripley is a deserving boy, I am sure. His poor mother has worked very hard to keep her children in school. Ripley is going to Clemson this fall; his sisters are in high school. They are quiet, well-behaved children. I am very glad he wants to come to see you."

"Well, I aim to please," Alice said. "That's what Billy Parker was always saying last night. He was awfully cute. He had on a

mighty pretty frat pin. Does he go with anybody around here much?"

Miss Pierce sniffed, "Billy goes with everybody very much. And Frank Bond too. I suppose you remember him!"

"Yes'm, I thought he was darling," Alice admitted.

"Most young girl do," Miss Pierce returned. "Those boys are quite adept at flitting from flower to flower."

Alice grinned. Being one of their flowers for even a short time ought not to be so bad. She determined to make the best of her chances, for at home she had only girl admirers. Some guardian fairy must have been watching over her last night and started her off right. By noon she was sure of it; she had planned an afternoon tennis game with Frank and a late date with Billy.

As the game made her late for dinner and even later getting dressed, she was still trying to get her cheeks the same shade when she heard footsteps on the walk. Some one came up the steps and called out, "Hey there, Harvey. What are you doing?"

Alice smoothed on her lip-stick and waited to be called.

"Hey, Rip, I'm just-a-picking the fleas off Bugler. You could help me if you weren't so all-fired dressed up. Say, you want to see Alice, don't you? She's prob'ly still primping, but I'll go see." Harvey sighed heavily and went in.

His dog ran on ahead and they tumbled up the stairs together. "Bow-wow"—"Alice"—"Bow-wow"—"Ripley's here"—"Bow-wow"—You'd better hurry; he's waiting!"

"Oh, is he? I'll be right down," floated down the stairs to Ripley's ears.

Alice came down slowly. She wished there were some way she could get a look at the boy before she went out, but there was not a chance. He was leaning against the column at the porch steps, staring out into the street. Blinded by the hall light, she could get only a general impression of him in the dusk. She still could not remember having met him.

"Hello," she said just as she got to the screen door.

Ripley turned, and looked at her. He had a boyish neck that was slowly growing red, and his chin was too small to stop the blush. His eyes were brown, puppy-dog eyes; they pled for kindness as Bugler's did when Harvey ordered him to beg for his supper.

He looked and Alice looked, but there was no sound except that of evening birds twittering, and Harvey in the house suddenly yelling, "Mother!"

Alice went on out on the porch and continued her little monologue. "It's mighty good to see you again. Shall we sit out here?" She offered him her hand, and he clutched. His was quivering.

"I'm so glad you let me come tonight, Alice. I was afraid you would be all dated up; that's why I called you so early. I just had to see you again." He finally burst forth.

Alice had never before shaken hands with any one who quivered. She was quite flattered—so flattered that she put on her most winning smiles, her sweetest graces. She quivered too, in sympathy.

They sat down together on an old-fashioned rocking bench. Fifteen and seventeen behind a clematis vine on a summer evening! Taking a tip from the breakfast-table conversation, Alice talked about football and track. She asked what position he played and why, and let him tell her at great length the glories of being left tackle. She mentioned that she had just read *The Secret Garden* for the fourth time, and he said that she should read Johnson's, *To Have and to Hold* and *The Americanization of Edward Bok*. Although she had already read them, she promised to get them from the library at once.

He had already said he liked them; he saw nothing else to say on the subject; he said nothing. Alice finally broke the silence by asking him what he had liked about high school, and what he planned to take in college. He had more to say on this subject. There was math which he liked, French which bored him, and English which he adored but did not do well on. He admitted that last summer he had taken a course in scenario writing by correspondence.

At this additional revelation of unworldliness Alice's lip curled. Ripley was leaning forward staring out at the sky as he talked. She noticed that his hair was not neatly clipped at the back. It seemed somehow to have slipped down his neck. His neck was still red, his mouth trembled, his eyebrows were too broad, and his forehead too low. Alice grew more surprised that her aunt and cousins liked him so well. She was beginning to feel a little superior to this gawky suitor, but this just helped her to enjoy the evening. She tried to make herself more winning, in the movie fashion, and led him on to confidence after confidence for the sheer fun of it. It was as sporting as a hunting trip. Diana, she thought, must be the guardian goddess who was guiding her so carefully this week.

When she sent him home at half-after ten, she knew all about his lonely childhood, the sacrifices his mother had made to support the family, the promise to be fine and care for her that had been verily

burned into his soul at his father's death-bed, his ambitions to be a great architect, his fright when he first played football, the sickening feeling he had over it even now unless he thought of something else, that he had never gone with a girl, had almost not come to the party, had fallen for her at first sight, and had sat by himself when he was not with her last evening.

When he shook hands with her, he was more shaky than he had been when he came. After telling her again and again how much he had enjoyed talking to her, and reminding her that they were to go the movies the next afternoon, he finally started down the walk. Half-way down, he turned and smiled up at her. Alice, posing against the column, thought again of wistful puppy-dogs.

Ripley went home from this, his only date, in a haze of glory. Never had he talked so in his life. Never had so lovely a girl smiled at him and coaxed him to go on. He could hardly wait for tomorrow.

Alice tip-toed up to her room. She smoothed her hair, powdered her nose, and got out a coat to wear riding with Billy. It was a good thing she was visiting instead of at home under her mother's care! She, like Ripley, was in a haze of excitement but not over what had just passed. Beaming into her mirror one last time, she gloated over the whole day. She, Alice Lane, was a popular girl! Witness the rush! How jealous her friends at home would be when she told them!

She was gracefully curled up in a chair reading when Billy came up and called through the screen door, "Is my pretty little sweetheart ready to go riding in the moon-light?"

Alice giggled at this silliness, uncurled herself, and went with him out to his sleek car. This was a real suitor—tall, handsome, well-to-do. He was not ill at ease; he was not inexperienced. Alice was sure that *none* of her friends had ever been with a more gallant escort.

They spent the time in idle chit-chat, a contest of witty remarks. The ride through the cooling night brought stars to Alice's eyes and a huskiness to her throat that amused Billy. They laughed: and Billy sang love-songs in a melting tenor. While she idly listened to his singing, Alice noticed his fraternity pin again, twinkling temptingly over Billy's heart. She asked about what frat it was, and he said SAE. But when she whispered, "Let me look at it," he said, "Too much trouble," and sang another song.

When she went to sleep that night she thought of the pin regretfully. If she could just get him to give it to her, even just as a joke, her

friends would be terribly impressed. She must take some plunder home to prove what a perfect time she was having.

Next afternoon for her date with Ripley she wore a plain linen sport dress, for the simple reason that she had nothing else. Usually she did not think of clothes, but now she would give almost anything for an imposing, grown-up frock. She laughed in her mirror again before she went down. It was funny that people here thought she was really popular; she almost felt that way herself now. She touched her nose lightly again with her powder puff and twirled her hair into curls in front.

Ripley was waiting downstairs, laboriously making conversation with her aunt. The same helpless expression of the night before lurked about his eyes, but he looked relieved when she interrupted the conversation. Going down the steps, he helped her too obviously. Her impulse was to shake him off, but she did not. She walked up the street stiffly. People insisted upon staring. Every one spoke; it was a fault of little towns.

She was relieved when the picture was over and they were walking home again. Ripley was so conscious of himself that she could not forget him. All through the picture he had gazed soulfully at her. Boys behind them had snickered about it, she knew.

In the old settee on the porch again, she scored herself for being a fool, and brightened up. "It was a darling picture, Rip, but we'll have to talk fast to make up for lost time, won't we?" She settled deeper into the seat and smiled up at him.

He still leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped. He cleared his throat. Alice felt her smile waning and renewed it determinedly.

"Alice," he finally managed. "I know I don't make much difference to you, that you have lots of fellows and all, but I decided last night that I want you to wear my football, and here it is."

He reached in his coat pocket, yanked it out, and thrust it in her hand. He did not look at her; he hardly touched her hand. Alice gasped. She looked at the football; it was a beauty—slender, gleaming, with his name and position engraved on its side.

Then she said the natural thing. "Why, Ripley . . ." and, "I hate to take it from you. Really—don't you want it?" She dangled it in the air.

"Alice, I swore no girl would ever get that football. I sweat blood to get it. But somehow I want you to wear it, no matter how many you have." He stood up and stared at her bowed head while she pondered, briefly.

"It's awfully sweet of you, Ripley. Awfully. And I'd love to wear it for you if you really want me to. Will you pin it on for me?"

She stood up and he pinned it on the pocket of the youthful dress. His long fingers were trembling again. Alice smiled. She felt like Mona Lisa, and very superior.

"I think I'd better go," said Ripley, and went—leaving a rather crestfallen Mona Lisa.

Alice assumed her sweet-young-niece-come-to-spend-a-few-days smile and languidly went into the house in search of her aunt. She found her making potato salad and helped gravely with cutting potatoes and celery. But even that taxed her culinary skill; she was suddenly gloomy over everything—potatoes, celery, and life.

Her aunt asked her how she liked Ripley, and she mumbled, "All right," without any comment. She felt that she had not carried off the football affair well. She did not like Ripley much—he was too nearly a diamond in the rough—but for her own satisfaction she would have liked to have been more impressive.

"Where's Moffatt, Aunt Lucy?" she asked slowly, chopping one potato already small into tiny pieces.

"He and Harvey went swimming out at Black's with a crowd of boys. They go almost every afternoon. They'll surely be back in a little while now; they never miss a meal."

The two boys soon announced themselves at the front door, by yelling "Mother," from the time they came in until they were in the kitchen.

"Oh, my fair cousin, she cuts potatoes like a common thing," ejaculated Moffatt grandly at the sight of Alice at work.

Alice brightened up. "Silly—what do you mean?"

"Why, haven't you heard? The news is all over town. Ripley Sawyer, football star, has fallen in love and is going to give the lady his golden football. For her sake he will suffer tortures; we'll see to that. The mighty hath been vanquished; the proud hath fallen. Oh—ho! You have it already!"

"Why, Alice," her aunt gasped. "Did Ripley give you that this afternoon?"

"Yes'um," the popular young lady admitted.

"This morning out at Black's, Ripley said he thought you were wonderful. He said it with every one around. The boy that rents bathing suits told me," offered Harvey.

Alice's self-confidence rose and rose. When she looked into her mirror as she finished her dressing for the second trial at Billy's fraternity pin, she smiled at herself and whispered, "I don't think you're so cute, and I don't like Rip at all—but if they do, it's all right. Of course, it must have been easier to get a shy boy, but even if Billy won't fall, when I show it to the folks at home, a football's a football."



Sonnet

The truth I sought alone and far apart
From noisy sibilance of the multitude;
Undaunted, though confused, I turned my heart
Toward dim lanes of scholastic platitude
Which like a jungle never before sought,
Though green with life and beauty unexcelled,
Must be hewn down with laborious thought
Before truth makes a pathway unimpelled.
But, angered with my own incompetence,
With ruthless hand I tore away the cloud,
And little knew that inward thoughts intense
Could all my long held dreams with grayness shroud.

I did but hope to fathom life's romance—
And have I lost my soul's inheritance?

CELESTE MIMS



Triad

Three things
There are
That walk softly
And go far——
A smile, a blessing,
And a star.

LOUISE KING

A Chapter from the Life of Katherine Mansfield

By EDNA MILLER

THE large room was filled with the bright figures of women in evening gowns, striking in contrast with the severe black and white of the men's dress suits. The air was blue and hazy with smoke from many cigarettes, and the fragrant smell of coffee was vaguely disturbing.

In one corner of the room on a green settee Katherine Mansfield sat holding a thin white cup and saucer which appeared ivory against the blue-whiteness of her hands. Shaded lights deepened the shadows on her pale face and made her dark hair almost jet-black. At her side a young man was talking animatedly of the war, and he did not see that she was not listening, nor could he know that in her mind she was painting with beautiful, definite strokes the rich brown stream of coffee that was splashing with thousands of golden glints from the mouth of the bronze coffee urn. He did not even notice her dark, serious eyes roving restlessly over the groups of chattering men and women. The shrill voices of the women and the deep rumble of the men dinned in her ears louder and louder than the most terrific explosion of which her friend was telling. She clenched her fingers tightly together. How she hated these people who talked incessantly and of nothing. She forced her mind back to the man beside her who was bringing his story to a dramatic close with a description of an incident which he had witnessed at the front. He paused and waited for her exclamation of horror. Katherine Mansfield carefully set her cup and saucer down on a little mahogany table at her side, and with trembling fingers lit a cigarette. She flicked the ashes from the glow end, then turning to him said in a low voice:

"That was very bad. How you must have suffered! I am afraid I would make a poor soldier, though, and now you must excuse me—I am a little ill."

It was not that Katherine Mansfield disliked people. She loved them as she loved life in all its beauty and in all its ugliness. But she despised the sham which she felt filled these artificially charming men and women who existed for her only in a superficial world into which she was often unwillingly thrust. She was far closer to the people whom she saw on the streets who loved, hated, worked and suffered without sham or affectation, and who were real. She was, of course, interested in her own

choice friends, but often even they tired her and then she would retreat to her beloved solitude for perfect enjoyment and understanding. Possibly her long wearing illness when she was so often alone, together with a terrible sensitiveness were partly responsible for her feeling for solitude. As she wrote in her Journal, "I've done with society and feel I can't combat it at all now. I had so much rather lean idly over the bridge and watch the boats, and the free, unfamiliar people, and feel the wind blow. No, I hate society."¹ This feeling is shown again in the following entry: "... the amount of minute and delicate joy I get out of watching people and things when I am alone is simply enormous—I really only have 'perfect fun' with myself— . . . Life with other people becomes a blur: . . . , but it's enormously valuable and marvelous when I'm alone; . . . the detail of life, the life of life."²

Katherine Mansfield was the third daughter of a family of five children, and was born in New Zealand. She hated the narrowness and provincialism which she felt cramped and bounded her there, and in 1908 she persuaded her parents to allow her to return to London with some friends who were planning to make the trip. At that time she was chiefly interested in music, but her interest changed to writing partly through the influence of J. Middleton Murray whom she met at the house of the late W. L. George, the English novelist. Murray was at the time, 1911, an Oxford undergraduate, and was connected with a youthful magazine called *Rhythm*. He and Katherine Mansfield were attracted to each other at once by the marked similarity of tastes as well as by strong personal attraction. This mutual attraction developed into love and finally into marriage.³

The two worked together, "J." publishing and writing, Katherine writing and contributing to "J.'s" publications. "J." made several attempts to start a lasting magazine, but he failed, and during these in-between periods there was no place for Katherine Mansfield's stories, for no other publisher would accept them. In spite of this, however, she wrote feverishly and constantly.⁴

In 1917, Katherine Mansfield, never very strong, had a serious attack of pleurisy which served not only to endanger her health at that time, but tended to weaken her so that she was a semi-invalid from that time until she died. After her illness when she became strong enough to travel, she moved from one place to another in a vain attempt to find a

¹ *Journal of Katherine Mansfield*, edited by J. Middleton Murray, New York, 1928, p. 12.

² *Ibid.*, p. 31.

³ Collins, Joseph, *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, New York, 1923, pp. 152-3.

⁴ J. Middleton Murray, *Op. Cit.*

climate favorable to her condition. She spent long lovely months in France and in Germany going from place to place.¹ In her journal she wrote rather humorously, "I seem to spend half of my life arriving at strange places and asking if I may go to bed immediately . . . 'And would you mind filling my hot water bottle? . . . Thank you; that is delicious. No, I shan't require anything more.'"

"The strange door shuts upon the stranger, and then I slip down in the sheets . . ."

Katherine Mansfield was seriously threatened with consumption, and was at one time almost certain that she would die of that disease. Often she was so ill that to move her body one inch was agonizing pain, but she was almost inhumanly patient. Only to her journals, in which she wrote daily, did she confide her innermost feelings of despair and sickness of heart.²

Work was the spark that kept Katherine Mansfield's life burning. She wrote "Life without work—I would commit suicide. Therefore work is more important than life."³ Her writing was to her her religion, her life, her very soul. It was the clear picture of her beautiful sensitive mind. So close was it to her religion that in her journal she wrote, ". . . I don't want a God to praise or to entreat, but to share my vision with. This afternoon looking at the Frimula after the rain. I want no one to dance, to wave their arms. I only want to feel they see too."⁴ It was only with regard to her work that Katherine Mansfield showed any bitterness toward her illness. There were periods when for days she was actually so weak and so ill that the mere physical exertion of writing was too much for her, and it was at these times that her despair was deepest. An extract from her journal reads:

"I got up in the dark to be ready for my little maid, and watch the dawn coming. It wasn't up to much though. I am wretched. It is a bright and winking day. Oh, God, my God, let me work.

"Wasted! Wasted!"⁵

Aside from the fact that ill health greatly hampered her work, writing was not a simple task for Katherine Mansfield. Her plastic and impressionable senses were already alert, but her thoughts were often fleeter than her pen. In her own words, "I thought and thought this morning, but to not much avail. I don't know why but my wits seem

¹ J. Middleton Murray, *Op. Cit.*, pp. xi, xii.

² *Ibid.*, p. 89.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 184.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 119.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

nearly to be deserting me when I want to get down to earth. I am all right—sky high. And even in my brain, in my head, I can think and act and write wonders, but the moment I try to put them down I fail miserably.”¹ She expressed this feeling more vividly when she wrote, “. . . My mind is full of embroidery, but there isn’t any material to hold it together and make it strong.”²

Sometimes in her perplexity and wretchedness she felt that her work was a waste of time and of no consequence. “Yet take this morning for instance. I don’t want to write anything. It’s gray; it’s heavy and dull. And short stories seem unreal and not worth doing. I don’t want to write; I don’t want to live.”³ But those were the dark, hopeless, depressing days. There were also the wonderful days when Katherine Mansfield overflowed with joy and hope—moments when life was very beautiful and worthwhile. Alone in her complete little world alone with her own lovely thoughts and fancies she found a rare beauty and happiness. On such a day she wrote, “. . . Here alone—a perfect day. I wandered in the garden . . . There was a ship, white and solid on the water . . . The fire in my room and the double light. All was exquisitely beautiful . . .”,⁴ and “Went for a little walk in the garden and saw all the pale violets. The beauty of palm trees. I fell in love with a tree. Japonica is a lovely flower, but people never grow enough of it.”⁵

Next to an increasing talent for writing, Katherine Mansfield longed for health. She yearned for the power to live in close contact with the earth and to enter in and be a part of it. It was her desire to learn to understand herself—her own feelings and emotions, so that she might better understand others. She wrote the following in her journal, “. . . But warm, eager, living life—to be rooted in life—to learn, to desire, to know, to feel, to think, to act. This is what I want. And nothing less. This is what I must try for.”⁶ And during the remainder of her short life Katherine Mansfield lived with that goal in mind.

A few months before her death, Katherine Mansfield had a kind of presentment and wrote the following in her journal, “. . . And when I say fear don’t let it disturb you, dearest heart. We all fear when we are in waiting rooms. Yet we must pass beyond them, and if the others can keep calm, it is all the help we can give each other . . . All this sounds very strenuous and serious. But now that I have wrestled with it, it’s no

¹ J. Middleton Murray, *Op. Cit.*, p. 66.

² *Ibid.*, p. 14.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 254.

longer so. I feel happy—deep down. All is well.”¹ These words bring the journal of Katherine Mansfield to a close. From that time on her health grew worse and worse; and three months before she died she entered a kind of spiritual brotherhood at Fontainebleau. Even at this time her conviction that “All is well” did not desert her. In January, she invited J. Middleton Murray to visit her for a week. He came and at ten o’clock on the night of January the ninth she was quite suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing. A hæmorrhage ensued and at ten-thirty one of the finest and most promising of young writers was dead.



Blues

The sunshine laughs
 With catching pleasure;
The sky is blue—
 The day is Azure.

The sun glows low
 With gilded sheen;
And twilight comes
 In Aquamarine.

The shadow creeps—
 A fearful pagan—
And dusk arrives
 In Copenhagen

And night in solemn
 Sad peceavi
Enveils herself
 In sombre Navy.

J. W.

¹ J. Middleton Murray, *Op. Cit.*, p. 255.

An Italian Incident

By ANNE ALEXANDER

IT was an extremely hot day. The deep blue sky was not relieved by a single cloud. The sun was glaring mercilessly on the little band of tourists who started out bravely to make a tour of the numerous must-be-seen cathedrals and art galleries of Florence. Everyone looked jaded from hours of disagreeable traveling in sooty, stifling, continental trains. The women were clad in thin summer dresses already wilted by the extreme heat. The men were busily wiping their dripping brows. A group of school girls in gay sleeveless tennis dresses were being followed by a worried-looking elderly chaperone. Everyone had tucked under his arm a "Baedeker" or "The Tourist's Guide To Florence." One middle-aged lady had returned to the cool marble interior of the pretentious hotel. The heat was too much for her.

As the little group walked slowly over the sun-baked cobble stones the heat of the pavement permeated even the thickest of the leather soles. At last their first destination was reached. It was a Tourists' Agency, where they were to take a bus for a tour of the city. The bus was already there half-full of giggling school girls laughing and chattering with the unctuous dark-eyed Italian guide. There was a general scramble for window seats and the bus started with a jerk, throwing everyone out of his seat. No one laughed; everyone was too hot and tired.

After a quick jerky ride over the cobble stones they drew up in front of a granite cathedral, graceful despite its immense proportions. The huge structure threw a deep purple shadow over the sparkling, white hot pavement. There were two trees in front of it, pathetic bedraggled trees with their dull grey dried-up bark and seared yellow leaves.

In front of the church there were several beggars, well-fed, evil-looking characters who were lavishly supplied with lires by the tourists. They did not even say thank you; they expected bountiful alms from Americans. The imposing entrance was blocked by swarthy, dapper young men selling gaudy postal cards, and mosaic jewelry.

After pushing their way through the crowd of petty grafters, the party finally reached the topmost step. There was a sigh of relief as they entered the chilly, dusky interior of the cathedral. The cold greys and blues of the cathedral were in direct contrast to the white heat of the outside world. The cathedral was partly submerged in darkness. Its light was coming from a beautiful multi-colored stained glass window

and from the rather feeble flickering glow of thousands of pale wax candles. The church was deserted except for a young man kneeling before the altar. He seemed oblivious to the intrusion of the tourists. He knelt there motionless, his large candid brown eyes raised heavenward. The single ray of light shone directly on him, forming a sort of golden halo of sunshine around his head. He was the picture of piety, a young Raphael reposing at prayer. There was something so unearthly about him, something so nearly spiritual, that the tourists gasped and made remarks about the devoutness of the Italians. His presence made all the school girls feel self-conscious, and they tittered nervously.

At last the deep uneasy silence was broken by the arrival of a fat jolly monk, who was to serve as guide. The almost magic spell was ended; the tourists resumed their conversation. A serious young art student asked the guide innumerable questions, which he couldn't possibly answer. A stout matron took off her large hat of Florentine straw and fanned herself with it. An English gentleman, who looked like the proverbial colonel, made uncomplimentary remarks about Americans to his dowdy, pale little wife. His remarks were loudly audible and caused a red-faced gentleman from the Middlewest to turn sharply around and glare at him. An earnest young tourist was so busy reading his guide book that he forgot to look at the world famous art treasures of the cathedral. Everyone looked tired and bored and tried to ask intelligent questions.

Not the noisy conversation of the tourists, nor the thunderous echoing of their footsteps succeeded in waking the young man from his reverie. He still knelt there on the cold marble steps, motionless, remote from the noisy crowd.

After having duly and carefully examined every piece of marble and wood in the cathedral, the party made a move toward the door. In front of the door they halted; the door was the masterpiece of the cathedral, miraculously cast in heavy iron by one of the old masters. At this point the young man arose and strolled leisurely toward the door. The tourists moved aside to let him pass. He paused a moment, then went out from the cathedral, and marched down the marble steps to the street.

The monk continued his little talk. Suddenly one of the women asked if anyone had seen her pocketbook. She had had it a minute ago. No one had seen it. The monk ceased talking. There was an amused expression on his face as he indicated with a motion of his hand a piece of white cardboard on a wooden panel. In huge black letters and in six different languages glared forth the words, "Beware of Pick-Pockets."

Poem

Some day the wind will breathe
A breath of spring again
Like the breath that came
On the path of fame.
Then you will forget
The world; or else again
Like the breath that blew,
Love will go from you.

MARGARET KERNODLE



Re-incarnation

If I can live again in thin grass blades,
Made into whistles like the ones you used to make
And hold in your hands,
Cupped to a piping like cricket-serenades,
I shall not mind my narrow wooden shroud.

ARLINE FONVILLE



To You, Of Course

You have been so kind to me—
So very kind.
It seems rather hard to guess
Whether you are extremely cruel
Or extremely blind.

H. COOGAN

EDITORIAL

WE choose this month for centering on prose articles about famous people because, for one thing, we always think of Washington and Lincoln in the month of their birthdays. But since most of us know already quite a bit about these two Presidents, we turn to others for the objects of our hero and heroine worship.

We don't know much about this business of hero worship, having had little real or vicarious experience, and having gone no further than page fifty-two in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*. We do know, however, that everyone has need of some guide, some inspiration in life, and that a representative of the qualities we most admire is the most tangible of inspirations. It is the same old tendency upon which Christianity is based.

The possible outcomes of such pattering are many. One may succeed in becoming a carbon copy of the heroic ideal, and thus lose his own individuality; one may fail and develop any number of complexes. Then again he may get disgusted and quit; or he may turn from hero to hero, gathering a bit from each ideal, and ending by becoming a bundle of scraps, which is the most common and usually the most desirable outcome, all of which is neither here nor there. The fact is, some appreciation is due great thought, great speech, and great action. For this reason we commemorate those semi-gods of the years past, and gratefully and sincerely offer our thanks to those of our own generation.



BOOK REVIEW

BROWN AMERICA—*The Story of a New Race.* By Edwin R. Embree.
The Viking Press, New York, 1931.

Dr. Edwin R. Embree is a comparatively speaking young man who is at the head of the fund of money which Julius Rosenwald laid aside from mail order profits to further the progress of the Negro race. As such he has traveled extensively throughout the states, talked to hundreds of men, and has been privileged to come in contact with racial types of all degrees of intelligence, education, and affluence. His background, his work, and his level-headed interpretation of what he sees and knows should give weight to any commentary upon the subjects which are interwoven into that nebulous bugaboo of prejudice-ridden individuals—the so-called “Negro Problem.”

He wastes no time nor verbal meanderings in coming to the fact which elucidates the title of his book. The first sentence says, “A new race is growing up in America.” He knows that this is a gauntlet thrown up in the face of millions of patriotic souls whose hearts swell nigh to bursting for the “land of the free and the home of the brave.” He continues, “Its skin is brown; in its veins is the blood of the three principal branches of man—black, white, yellow-brown.” And with these remarks he completes his challenge to the chance reader, of continuing a perusal of the book in order that he might learn more of our new race.

Perhaps the most startling fact in the whole book comes in the first chapter where it is stated that the National Census Records of 1910 reported from their findings that about twenty-five per cent of the total Negro population is what are known as mulattoes. Melville J. Merkovitz in a private investigation of a very thorough nature determined that eighty per cent of all Negroes have white blood. So Dr. Embree says that somewhere between the extremes of twenty per cent on the one hand and eighty per cent on the other lies America’s new race—not black—not white—but Brown Americans.

The book is a delight to any person at all interested in the outcome of the adjustment between the two races, because in his optimistic style the author makes no attempt to offer a constructive program but rather through presentation of existing facts minus the veil of prejudice, leaves with the reader the feeling that he is responsible for all within his power in seeing that no Brown American is held back from the opportunities accruing to a native-born American.

Dr. Embree has made a real contribution to the furthering of race relations, over and beyond the introduction of a new and interesting fact. The book should be discussed much, and the thought fully considered. Why say more when the book speaks so effectively for itself?

HELEN SHUFORD



THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER. *By Richard Aldington. New York. Double, Doran and Co., 1931. \$2.50.*

"English colonels, fox-hunting industrialists, and enforced virgins," all stand before the none too original or sharp satire of Richard Aldington, ex-imagist poet, and fall before it with a tiny groan.

The colonel's daughter is Georgia Smithers, a girl of twenty-six, blessed with a slightly stupid sixteen-year-old mind and an enormous nose, who plods her way through the embarrassing positions of the book. Her day, following the war, is short a million men and "poor Georgia's" shy, misplaced advances get her nowhere, even though, as one critic thinks, "Georgia deserves to be as memorable as Tess."

Perhaps the book is not the pointed brilliant satire its author had intended; perhaps, too, the mechanical dropping of "g's" and apostrophes will harass the reader's mind slightly; but the book should be read, if for no other reason than that the satire is clever, despite the lack of absolute originality, and that the book is entertaining, even though there are those parts which caused it to be banned at Smith's bookstalls.

A. B. C.

Pen Feathers

Prospect

If I must render
Strict account
For every word I say,
I fear there'll only
Be one trial
On Judgment Day!

And if I answer
For all the jokes
We told so long ago,
Some angel will laugh
And open the gate
To welcome us in, I know!

ROSALIND TRENT



Egotism

I planted a bulb in a pitcher of pebbles,
And tiny white roots scrambled down in between;
Then up rose a flower, a wee lady flower,
And waved as a kerchief a leaflet of green.

God made the pebbles,
And God made the flower;
God made the leaflet,
But I poured the water.

PENELOPE WILSON

On How to Write a Short Story

By ARLINE FONVILLE

There are many things which may be said about the short story. In fact, there are many things which may be said about the amoeba, the paranoiac, or Dorothy Dix. However, the subject of the short story has a more universal appeal. The pursuit of literature, better known as "the writing bug," "that down-right foolishness of John's," or "divine inspiration," afflicts the greater part of America. Vital statistics from a New York banking house show that four out of every five have it. Therefore, because writing has come to be the chief means of assuming a superior attitude, I choose from the above variety of interesting subjects the short story.

To him who desires to write with the prolificness of Zane Grey and Kathleen Norris and with the tear-compelling power of Mrs. Johnson, the first necessity is a subject. Essays have been written on "nothing," but nothing as a subject has been entirely overworked. I would, therefore, advise a more illuminating topic. The short story, it is thought by authorities, is much more educating, if less interesting, for having said something.

Having chosen a subject, you, as an author, have need of a setting and a character. In this, too, the opportunity for choice is wide—an old maid in an African jungle, an amiable college professor in a Bronx zoo, or a lion in the Sunday School class. What means you choose to tell your little moral is not important. The above combinations of characters are valuable examples of what a good short story should be since they bring out that most necessary characteristic—contrast. The contrast will be greatly increased if the college professor is searching for a safety pin or the old maid is smoking a pipe. At any rate, the good short story must have contrast, either of setting, character, or situation.

The ingenious author also manages to insert between his many words some semblance of action, plot, and complication. If the hero is given to twiddling his thumbs, he must at least be able to twiddle them two ways. No heroine is properly introduced into a story without a villain and the chief character must do something if it be merely to rock vigorously from one end of the porch to the other from first line to anticlimax. Beware the hero who sleeps while the heroine struggles with death-by-drowning. Beware also the heroine who refuses to fall or leap into the chilly waters of Lake Michigan at the proper moment.

Last, but not least, the author with an eye on the publisher's check book considers his audience. The clever writer promulgates his esoteric cogitations and his amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations in monosyllabic words when addressing an audience of select morons, bewareing of platitudinous ponderosity. But in speaking to the wise and college-bred, flatters them with many-syllabled phrases. Even the greatest of us should hesitate to speak to the Old Maid's Garden Club on the subject of babies or to entice the Rotary organization to sit through a discourse on *Flowering Gladiolas and how to grow them*.



Journey

I went walking in a wood
Under winter trees;
I went walking down a path
On gay crinkling leaves;
I looked up and saw the moon,
Pale as a moon can be,
Staring at me as I passed
Under every tree.
All the sky was powder blue that late afternoon,
All except the big white slice of the paper moon.

PENELOPE WILSON



The Cynic

"Think what you say," is good advice—
But if you say what you think you'll pay the price.
"Opportunity only knocks once," they say.
I'm still waiting for that day.
Don't sit and wait until opportunity finds you—
In the meantime find something to do.
Friendship is indeed a quite rare thing
And about as genuine as a Kress diamond ring.

JEANNETTE SCHEIN

CRITIKS---CHANGE

THE November issue of the *Criterion* we would rate plus; it contains a rather good feature and a continued story, "Above the Clouds." Adaline Padgett's contribution, "Beauty," asks:

"Oh, is beauty everlasting,
Or does it die—
My friend—even as you
Or I?"

"Anquains," by Olive Montgomery, on Sunset and Autumn are good as well as brief. All in all *Criterion* is a rather good publication.

In criticizing the December issue of the *Wofford Journal*, we would commend the essays of Hardin and Hutson, and wonder at the lack of poetry. There is but one poem, "Coma Vigil," which, by the way, is good. We would recommend a balancing of material.

In *The Shako* for December, John Zeigler's article entitled "Edna St. Vincent Millay; Her Poems" is especially significant for its interpretative and understanding element. Of "Three Poems," by Beach Langston we prefer the first:

Life is not always kind to one:
To those I love most
I would bare myself, and take off
That harder shell that surrounds my heart,
But suddenly—all unknown to them—
I am bruised. Never mind;
We do not die of bruises.

We acknowledge the receipt of:

The Acorn—Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.

The Herald—Hood College, Frederick, Maryland.

The Black and Gold—Reynolds' Memorial High School, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Winthrop Journal—Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C.

The Sceptre—Queens College, Charlotte, N. C.

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Gray dust curls and red candy wrappers
tumbled in a pile;
(I stand arms akimbo sneezing all the while.)
Then a big blue dustpan and a yellow
broom complete
My toiling, and, oh glory,
It's my roommate's time to sweep.

P. W.

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MISFORTUNE

Our house must get weary standing
Always in one place,
And must be quite vexed when all the paint's
Washed off its face.

P. W.

Spring Is Near

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To be a soft wind and blow
The dust off the stars so
They can be seen at night;
And in the morn blow it back
again.

M. O.

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